

THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

NO. 15

The Principles of Nature.

THE SUPREMACY OF MIND.

BY SAMUEL W. FISHER.

IN LEAVING the aristocracy of station, the aristocracy of profession will afford us a closing illustration of the train of thought we are endeavoring to unfold. In the outset it may be well to remark, that in our land at least, all honest occupations are truly honorable, and entitled to the respect of society. But it is nevertheless a fact that all are not equally influential. While as genuine republicans we regard every station and every virtuous profession as deserving our respect, yet we cannot avoid recognizing the fact which reveals itself as the inevitable operation of causes beyond our control, that there are some professions which gather to themselves in the eye of society a peculiar dignity and a special influence. I speak of facts as they are—not as in our speculations we may imagine they ought to be. A brick-layer and a lawyer, equal in other respects in character, are not equally invested with influence from their respective occupations. There is in all society, with scarcely an exception, to some extent a gradation of profession. Some are invested with a higher influence and deeper hold upon the minds of men than others. And perhaps it is impossible wholly to change this order, which society has itself created, by its own spontaneous operation. It is not my design, however, to justify the fact, but in part to account for it, and trace out one of the leading influences, in accordance with which this gradation has been constructed.

In the main then, and after admitting the existence of exceptions, it will be found that those professions which are usually held in the highest estimation among the most civilized nations, are those which are more purely mental in their character. In the ruder states of society, physical attributes, and those pursuits which nerved the arm, and disciplined the eye, and invigorated the body, held the foremost rank. The Achilles, and Hector, and Milo, and Goliath, and Samsons, were the great men of their age and clime. Although even then the inspiration of the poet, and the wisdom of the prophet, were not without their influence. But as society advances from the rude to the refined, and civilization enlarges its boundaries, mere brute force loses its dignity, and mind usurps its place, and bears off its crown. Our modern athletes—the pugilists of the nineteenth century, hold a very different rank from that of their famed predecessors, who displayed their muscular energy in the amphitheatres of Athens and Rome. The ancients crowned the victors with the amaranth, and seated them beside their kings; we dress them in fustian, and send them to the penitentiary.

With the advance of the world in science, and the invention of new modes of warfare, a new order of occupation has been wrought out, and been followed by a readjustment of the prizes of honor. The pursuits and tastes of men become more refined and intellectual; science and art rise into general estimation. Military tactics, the art of rapid and skillful combination of force in war take the place of mere physical strength. War itself becomes a science, in which the master intellect, though with un-

equal forces, usually remains the victor. While what are termed the liberal professions, the pursuits of educated mind, rise to the possession of commanding influence over the body of society.

Extreme cases will most forcibly illustrate our position. Take then a hod carrier and a member of the bar or the medical board. Indisputably there is a vast difference between the spheres of influence in which those persons move—a difference arising from the fact that the point on which one revolves is low in public estimation, while that of the other is elevated. Both may be honest and even good men. The hod carrier may be equal to the professional man in native intellect, and he may, by the exercise of a vigorous mind, sometimes sway the greatest influence of the two. But if so, he can only do it in spite of his position, and ordinarily without any aid from it. So that in such a case it would after all be the outbreaking of great mental power, which, like that of Burns and Hogg, imparted to its possessor large influence far beyond his own circle. Such men sometimes burst upon society like meteors from the bosom of darkness; the more startling as they are unusual and unexpected. While their brilliancy and their power is wholly intellectual, and which, were it placed in a higher position, would usually fill a vastly enlarged sphere. But in ordinary cases, the influence of the one is limited compared with that of the other, and limited by the position he occupies. One is engaged in a kind of labor that demands the smallest exercise of mind; while the other is called to the investigation of questions that require the most patient and vigorous efforts of the human intellect. The miner may delve in the earth and put forth little more mind than a burrowing mole, similarly employed; while the student tasks his understanding to its utmost capacity in evolving the great principles of jurisprudence, or the pathology of disease incident to our corporeal frame. Hence, in part at least, for there are other collateral causes combining with this to produce the result, the latter stands before the community in a high and influential position, while the former occupies the other extreme.

Now as in these cases intellect vindicates its dignity, and asserts its appropriate position, in the estimation of cultivated society, so to a greater or less extent, its influence can be seen in deciding upon the order of estimation in which the various occupations of men are actually arranged. The posts that demand little skill and intelligence, usually range lowest; while as greater power of mind is requisite to fill them properly, they ascend in influence. If here and there a profession, that demands great abilities, is undervalued, it is so, ordinarily, either from ignorance of the fact, or from some counteracting moral cause. But in the main, if a profession requiring great intellectual power be honest and essential to the comfort and refinement of society, it will in time take and maintain its true and that a lofty position in the estimation of men. Thus cultivated intellect arranges the gradation of human pursuits, and in the order of the professions displays its dignity and commanding power. As the water crystallizes according to a certain law, upon the withdrawal of a degree of heat, so society, upon the withdrawal of ignorance and brutishness, spontaneously classifies itself according to a law of intellectual power. And in so doing there is evinced alike the force and dignity of the human mind.

But besides the aristocracy of profession, in this general sense, it is equally true and equally pertinent to our subject, that each profession and trade has usually its own aristocracy, formed mainly according to the intellectual power of its members. In the law, and medicine, and the ministry, there are heights of professional attainment—distinguished minds among a multitude of laborious minds; stars of greater magnitude and brilliancy. The Blackstones and Burlamaquis and Marshalls—the Harveys and Coopers and Rushes—the Whitfields and Edwardses and Halls and Griffins, indicate a higher order of intellect in their several professions than the mass exhibit. So it is with your merchant princes—your Hancocks and Morrisces and Bartletts and Jameses. Each profession has a wheel within a wheel. The master mechanic has reached a post which demands of him a more vigorous intellect than is necessary to drive the plane or the needle. And as his sphere of intellectual power enlarges, he ascends in his own profession to a point of increased influence. Thus Whitney and Arkwright and Fulton and Watt, placed themselves as artisans upon the very topmost heights of their professions, and graved their names so deep and legible that the world may read them for centuries. Thus Reynolds and Chantry painted and chiselled their way up to the loftiest positions open to them—the one ennobled as the prince of painters, the other as the chief of stone cutters. It was the outflashing intellect, working in the hand of the mechanic, scheming in the brain of the merchant, pleading with the tongue and pen of the jurist and divine, that lit up in the living firmament this galaxy of lustrous stars. There they shine, the calm, clear radiance of mind, shedding its glory over the face of human society and lighting it up with a portion of the splendor of a higher sphere. In all these illustrious names—names written out

"On the living sky,
To be forever read by every eye."

there is a testimony to the dignity and force of mind, which time will only brighten, never obscure. In this aspect, then, of the aristocracy of the professions, as well as from all the other points which have passed under our view, we see portrayed most vividly the elevating power of *mind*.

The most prominent object to which a cultivated mind may apply its powers, is that *profession* which you have chosen as a means of honorable subsistence. There is a difference, as I have already remarked, in the degree to which different occupations task the intellect. There are some which necessitate the incessant exercise of the highest powers of the mind. There are others which allow, without requiring, intellectual effort in a high degree. To plead well—to preach well—to understand the pathology of disease, a man *must think*; but he may sell a yard of tape or a piece of goods, and do it well, without much mental effort. Admitting, then, this difference in the absolute requirements of different professions, yet it should be remembered that most of these *allow* the exercise of large abilities and a well-stored mind. Let us take the case of the merchant already referred to. It may demand no great amount of knowledge to be an expert salesman, and go through with the more ordinary parts of his business, but if he would thoroughly understand his profession and carry his intellect into it, he will find a thousand things connected with it that may give scope and employment for his most vigorous powers. Let him study the character of the articles that he sells; the growth of their materials and the method of their construction. He may investigate the origin, and form and development of the cotton plant—the countries that produce it—the process by which the staple is prepared for the factory—the mode in which it is spun and woven and dyed, until it comes forth the beautiful and delicate fabric fit for queenly robes; and in the course of his research he will have traversed a wide field of knowledge, and examined some of the most interesting inventions of the age. And in this way let him push his examinations into the shawls of Cashmere—the teas

and silks of China—the gossamer fabrics of the land of the gay troubadour—the woollens and cutlery of England—the beautiful products of the looms of Turkey and Persia, and the spices of Arabia, and he will soon find himself at home in all parts of the world. Inventions and arts and sciences will gradually enlarge his mind, and crowd it with the material of a new life of thought. The fabrics that once he handled, as the savage the telescope, whose construction was to him a perfect mystery, now have a new and singular power to interest and quicken his intellect. They are speaking volumes of rich lore; foreigners from a thousand climes, bringing with them a thousand new and wonderful ideas. His store is an assemblage of the mind and art of all nations—a specimen gallery of the productive handiwork of the world. From its shelves the Turk and the Persian—the Hindoo and the Chinaman—the Gaul and the Briton—the Puritan and the Cavalier look down peacefully upon him, and offer their contributions to his intellectual feast. Gifted with the knowledge of which we have spoken, he can see and hear and hold communion with these personages, invisible though they be to the leaden vision of ignorance and sloth.

And besides this direction of study and thought, if he aims to become an accomplished merchant, he must investigate the character and capacity of the great markets of the world—search out the nature and extent of their productions; understand the physical positions and commercial relations of various nations, their exchanges, tastes, social character and wants, and accustom himself to survey intelligently the varying aspects of commerce, with the causes at work to destroy or promote its prosperity. The young merchant who early commences, and with the power of true genius, perseveres in, such a course of investigation and such an application of mental power to his profession, without question will in time rise to a high rank in the scale of intelligence, and build for himself a character more truly desirable than the proudest fortune ever gathered by human hands.

Take also the pursuits of the farmer. A person may cultivate the soil, like the horse in a cider mill, treading the same unvarying circle of the habits and maxims of his fathers, with scarcely any exercise of the higher powers of mind. But he may also apply to such a pursuit the most profound researches into the nature of soils, and the chemical agents which most affect the growth of vegetable life. Since the era of your Buels and Wadsworths, and the treatises of Liebig, book-farming is daily growing into repute, and our most successful cultivators of the soil, other things being equal, are the most intelligent.

In respect to the mechanic, it is scarcely necessary to remark that there is open before him the same wide field for the employment of mind. If he would be among the most skilful of his profession, he will find a thousand objects to which his intelligence may be applied with the happiest effect. If for instance, he would rise to the character of a perfect architect, then in the beautiful language of another, he "must be practically acquainted with all the materials of building—wood, brick, mortar and stone; he must have the courage and skill to plant his moles against the heaving ocean, and to hang his ponderous domes and gigantic arches in the air; while he must have taste to combine rough and scattered blocks of the quarry into beautiful and majestic structures; and discern clearly in his mind's eye, before a sledge hammer has been lifted, the elevation of the temple."

In the various branches of mechanics, also, there is room for almost boundless improvement. In all probability we have not yet reached the heights of excellence in some of those branches, which have been attained in the past; which now look out upon us from the vast and mysterious pyramids of the Nile; and of which they alone remain the silent memorials, without imparting to us a single hint that would enable us to discover the great mechanical agencies by which they were piled up to heaven. Nor can we contemplate the triumphs of a Watt and a Fulton,

without feeling that the mechanic is upon a wide and unexplored territory, where genius, properly trained and rightly directed, cannot fail of discovering either new forces or new methods of applying those already known, which may effect great changes in the aspect of the world. Surely the power of combining afresh the various forces of nature is not yet exhausted. Inventions in the arts; advances in the sciences; improvements in machinery that are to greatly reduce the present necessity for toil and produce, of all that is rich and beautiful and needful for human luxury or support, a much larger amount in proportion to the means employed, seem to lie just ahead. Perhaps there may be among you some mind equally capable with that of Whitney, of bringing to perfection a machine, which in its ultimate influence upon commerce may far surpass his world-famed cotton gin; or a mechanical genius, which like that of Cartwright and Fulton, will revolutionize the weaving and the transportation of the world. Surrounded by such a creation, with the myriad forces of nature that are known at his feet, and it may be many yet to be detected by the prying eye of genius on every side of him; with the materials for working up to perfection in any line of labor he may choose, let no young man despair of a successful application of intelligence to his own profession. It may be, you are destitute of what is called genius. But what is genius? Why to some minds the embodiment of it is a learned blacksmith, forging metals in his smithy eight hours a day; mastering scores of languages, from the mellifluous Italian to the jagged Sanscrit, in an equal portion of time; and then electrifying large audiences by his burning words and gorgeous imaginations. To others a misanthropic poet, with bare neck and bushy hair, is the very type of genius; while to still another class it is a pregnant creative brain, from which, like that of Napoleon, or Scott, or Chatham, the mighty scheme or the beautiful image comes forth as instantaneously and as perfect as the creation sprang into beauty and order from the teeming mind of the great First Cause.

Now I do not deny that there are intellects by nature invested with greater powers of invention and profound thought, than others. It is not according to the ordinary rule of divine operations, to create a dead level in the world of mind. It is an opinion, in strict accordance with the intellectual phenomena of the race, and with the analogy of a world, on every part of which is impressed the most astonishing diversity of form, weight and color, that the human intellect, like the human countenance, has always its own native characters in some of its lineaments diverse from all others—that there are men who with the same training as others, will yet overtop the multitude, and stride with amazing rapidity up the dazzling heights of science. But while it seems thus clear and natural, that the same law of original formation should prevail in a degree in the world of mind that has reigned in the material creation, we yet hold that the great mass of men may possess to some extent that power which constitutes the chief force of genius—the power of mental application. The ability to hold the mind steadily and long to any given subject until you have viewed in all its parts and in every light, is the highest attribute—the prime element of genius. This power is one susceptible of vast increase by cultivation. And the man who has the ability to fix his attention deeply on any branch or topic of scientific pursuit, has the great element of that splendid success which crowns the name of Newton with imperishable luster. Let every young man seek to bring into his own profession all the intelligence within his reach, and though he may not win a place in the constellation of the immortals, he will nevertheless elevate that profession, and command the respect of all within the circle of his acquaintance.

I have a friend, who, though he has numbered little more than thirty summers, has contrived in the midst of a laborious life, to make great progress in science. Having received a good academical education, he early entered a bookstore. Here, in the

midst of ceaseless toil, and effecting far more than most men in their own line of business, he has mastered several foreign languages—maintained an active correspondence with some of the most distinguished literati of Europe—investigated thoroughly most of the natural sciences—gone up into the heights of astronomy, and down into the depths of moral philosophy, and made himself familiar with books of all kinds, from the last number of the "Journal of Science," to the deep solutions of the "Principia," and the sublime speculations of the "De Natura Deorum." His life is one incessant development of the idea of *Industry*. No hour—no moment, but has its employment; and no day passes without some new line traced out on the canvass of his life. Such devotion, wherever it is found, must as surely work out a glorious issue—a fine and noble development of the intellectual man, as the revolution of the earth brings forth the changing seasons. Such mental application would encircle all your professions with intellectual light, and open in the book of civilization a new leaf of glory. Remember that science and art, far from being in the decrepitude of age, we have reason to believe are yet in their vigorous youth; and there are yet to be ascended eminences of intellectual achievement towering into the everlasting sunshine, as far above the past, as the massive pyramids of Pharaoh, and the sublime dome of St. Peter's exceed in vastness and beauty the log cabins of our western wilderness. Let each one by the force of his intellect, strive to enlarge the intelligence and elevate the mind of his own profession, and society will feel the upward impulse thrilling to her lowest extremities.

Another large subject for the application of your intelligence is spread out before you in the relations you sustain to our civil government. There is a proper sense in which you are young sovereigns. You, in connection with your fellow citizens, are the ultimate source of political authority. Between you and the actual legislation, indeed, there intervenes an intelligent instrumentality; yet it is equally true, that the ballot box must ultimately sanction their acts or hurl them from their seats. In your citizen character, you are to pass upon the great questions of state. And here there is open for you a subject to which you may apply the profoundest reason—the maturest judgment—the largest intelligence. Your problems of commercial restriction and national enlargement in the acquisition of new territory, and a currency co-extensive with the country, and others like them, which our state and national progress are constantly presenting to us, are not to be solved by a mere knowledge of the rule of three, and Webster's spelling book. Profound questions, demanding clear heads, vigorous powers of reasoning, large mental acquisitions, and great patience in the collection of facts, for their settlement, are every day opening to us. Where in ancient or modern times was there ever a finer field for the application of the general intelligence of the people? Sociologists are not the men for these times. We are settling precedents that are to reach forward for ages. In law and legislation—on the bench and in the senate chamber, we are yet busy in rearing and giving perfection to the structure within which hundreds of millions are to repose or perish. You may not only be called upon to work upon this grander edifice than the nations have yet seen, at the ballot box, but at the very seat of legislation itself. The intelligence of our mechanics, and merchants, and lawyers, and physicians, goes up into the capitol; and there you may be called to the discharge of duties which will tax all the might of the mightiest mind. In view of these high duties, history, with all its thrilling pictures of thrones, and aristocracies, and curule chairs crumbled by the hand of time, stands ready to teach you wisdom; Grotius and Bacon, Newton and Herschell, flaming beacon lights of law and science, ever shine to instruct; while the genius of the past and the present, smiling down from the shelves of our libraries, pleads by all the desolation of the past, and all the opening glory of the future, to get ourselves in readiness for the work which our position in-

evitably imposes on us, as the young sovereigns of the model nation of the world.

Nor are these the only ways in which intelligence may advantageously display its power for good. There is a social life in which we all mingle, and which we must sustain. Each of you creates for himself or enters into it already created, a little world, where the mind unrobes—where wit, and sentiment, and discussion exhibit their sweet attractions—where love and friendship soften the sternness engendered by the selfish conflicts of life—where intelligence and refinement shed around the charm of a perennial verdure. There is one little world where the tool and the pen—the bond and mortgage—the day-book and ledger may not enter; but where social nature should be free to expand itself joyously over the interesting circle. Here the really intelligent man may contribute vitally to the elevation of society. It is not by playing the pedant, and ostentatiously displaying his mental acquisitions, but by an influence emanating from an enlightened mind, as the heat from the fire, diffusing itself unseen, while it warms and blesses. Society would be a far more elevating school, and conversation a richer feast—a fuller flow of soul, if they, who gave them character, knew and acted on the principle, that whatever may be the outward fashion, “the mind’s the gold for a’ that.”

There is still another subject for the application of intelligence which cannot be passed by. There is an aristocracy of virtue, as well as of mind. Without it, intelligence is itself only a blind force, such as Milton has embodied in his gigantic creation of the prince of fallen angels. Without it no man is perfect. Reason is God-like, but true religion in the heart is more truly Deity itself. The intellect is a prince, wisdom is noble—

“Yet this great empress of the human soul,
Does only with imagined power control,
If restless passion, by rebellion’s away,
Compels the weak usurper to obey.”

If you would be a *man* in all his nobler characteristics, then the heart must beat true to every right affection. Intellectually no person is perfect, who is the slave of vice. There is a cog broken out of the wheel; there is a mental weakness which reveals itself in the loftiest intellects of this class the world has ever seen.

Here too, in religion, are found the deepest questions—vital to our highest interests, and profound beyond the longest line of mortals. Here Socrates reasoned, and Plato speculated, and Cicero put forth the powers of his philosophic mind. Here Bacon toiled, and Newton studied, and Locke sank his shaft of thought deep into this mine of truth. It is the grandest subject for the application of the most consummate intelligence. It involves the past, the present, the future. It carries us back to the birth of creation; it conducts us onward over all the intervening centuries, through all that is most deeply interesting in the changing history of the world; it pierces the future, and opens into the distant depths of eternity vistas of immortality. No man is *educated* who is either ignorant or unsettled here. Some of the otherwise finest intellects our country, or the world can boast, have left behind them an imperfect fame—a character distorted—a genius sullied by vice, or darkened by skepticism. The memory of such men has no fragrance. Their intellectual might awakens our astonishment at its greatness, and our regret at its abuse. We may admire the force of their genius, but we can never render them the tribute of affectionate respect. No man can neglect so sublime a subject of thought, or one which involves such tremendous issues as religion, without so far forfeiting his claim to the character of an intelligent and thoroughly educated member of society. And every *young man* especially, should bring to it all the force of the profoundest intelligence within his reach, lest the skeptic fling him into a morass where he will struggle only to sink, or the fanatic kindle in his bosom the meteor blaze that heralds the blackest night of darkness. In the attainment of well settled, robust, and profound views on

these high themes, we need to invigorate the intellect, and lay its proudest offerings on this altar of noblest truth.

Society needs a thousand influences to develop and train up its hidden mind. In all ages of the world it has sought for either animal or intellectual excitement. Its thirst for amusement of some kind, is seen in the festive days and games of the Greek—the saturnalia and the gladiatorial exhibitions of the Roman—the theater, and bull fights, and races of the Moderns. And it has been for ages a problem for the wise to solve, so to control and guide this feverish love of excitement, as to redeem it from its brutalizing, its enervating influence, and enlist it as an efficient aid in the moral and intellectual renovation of society.

FAITH.

BY JOHANN G. FICHTE.

THIS THEN IS MY TRUE NATURE, my whole sublime destination. I am a member of two orders; of one purely spiritual, in which I rule merely by pure will, and of a sensuous one, in which my act alone avails. The whole aim of reason is its own activity, independent, unconditional, and having no need of any organ beyond itself. The will is the living principle of the rational soul, is indeed itself reason, when purely and simply apprehended. That reason is also active, means, that the pure will, as such, rules and is effectual. The infinite reason alone lies immediately and entirely in the purely spiritual order. The finite being lives necessarily at the same time in a sensuous order; that is to say, in one which presents to him other objects than those of pure reason; a material object, to be advanced by instruments and powers, standing indeed under the immediate command of the will, but whose efficacy is conditional also on its own natural laws. Yet as certainly as reason is reason, must the will operate absolutely by itself, and independently of all the natural laws which determine the action, and therefore does the sensuous life of every finite being point toward a higher, into which the will itself shall lead him, and of which it shall procure him possession, a possession which indeed will be again sensually present as a state, and by no means as a mere will.

These two orders, the purely spiritual, and the sensuous, the latter consisting of an immeasurable succession of states, have existed in me from the first moment of the development of my active reason, and proceed parallel to each other. The latter producing phenomena cognisable by myself and by other beings similar to myself; the former alone bestowing on them significance, purpose, and value. I am immortal, imperishable, eternal, as soon as I form the resolution to obey the laws of eternal reason; I am not merely destined to become so. The transcendental world is no future world, it is now present; it can at no period of finite existence be more present than at another; not more after the lapse of myriads of ages than at this moment. My future sensuous existence may be liable to various modifications, but these are just as little true life, as those of the present. By that resolution of the will I lay hold of eternity, and rise high above all transitory states of existence. My will itself becomes for me a spring of eternal life, when it becomes a source of moral goodness. Without view to any further object, without inquiry as to whether my will may or may not have any result, it shall be brought into harmony with the moral law. My will shall stand alone, apart from all that is not itself, and be a world to itself, not merely as not proceeding from any thing gone before, but as not giving birth to any thing following, by which its efficacy might be brought under the operation of a foreign law. Did any second effect proceed from it, and from this gain a third, in any conceivable sensuous world, opposed to that of spirit, its strength would be broken by the resistance it would encounter, the mode of its operation would no longer exactly correspond to the idea of volition, and the will would now re-

main free, but be limited by the peculiar laws of its heterogeneous sphere of action.

Thus indeed must I regard the will, in the present material world, the only one known to me. I am indeed compelled to believe, or to act as if I believed, that by my mere volition, my tongue, my hand, my foot, could be set in motion; but how an impulse of intelligence, a mere thought, can be the principle of motion to a heavy material mass, is not only not conceivable, but, to the mere understanding, an absurdity. To the understanding, the movements of matter can only be explained by the supposition of forces existing in matter itself.

Such a view of the will as I have taken can only be attained by the conviction that it is not merely the highest active principle for this world, as it might be without freedom, and as we imagine a productive force in Nature to be, but that it looks beyond all earthly objects, and includes its own ultimate object in itself. By this view of my will I am referred to a super-sensuous order of things, in which the will, without the assistance of any organ out of itself, becomes, in a purely spiritual sphere, accessible to it and similar to itself, an effective cause. The knowledge that a virtuous will is to be cherished for its own sake, is a fact intuitively perceived, not attainable by any other method. That the promotion of this virtuous will is according to reason, and the source of all that is truly reasonable, that it is not to be adjusted by any thing else, but that all else is to be adjusted by it, is a conviction which I have likewise attained by this inward method. From these two terms I arrive at a faith in an eternal super-sensuous world. Should I renounce the first, I abandon at the same time the latter.

If, as many say, assuming it without further proof as self-evident, as the highest point of human wisdom, that all human virtue must have a certain definite external aim, and that we must be sure of the attainment of this end, before we can act virtuously; and that, consequently, reason by no means contains within itself the principle and the standard of its own activity, but must discover this standard by the contemplation of the external world,—then might the entire purpose of our existence be found below; our earthly destiny would be entirely explanatory and exhaustive of our human nature, and we should have no rational ground for raising our thoughts above the present life.

As I have now spoken however, can every thinker, who has any where historically received those propositions, also speak and teach, and accurately reason; but he would present to us the thoughts of others, and not his own, and all would float before him empty, and without significance, because he would be wanting in the sense by which he might seize on its reality. He is like a blind man who may have learned historically certain truths concerning colors, and built upon them just theories, without any color in fact existing for him. He may say that, under certain conditions, so and so *must be*, but not that it is so for him, because he does not stand under these conditions. The sense by which we may lay hold on eternal life, can only be attained by a real renunciation of the sensual and all its objects. For the sake of that law which lays claim only to our will, and not to our act. It surrenders these things with the fullest conviction that this conduct only is truly rational. By this renunciation of the earthly, does the faith in the eternal arise in our soul, and stand there alone, as the sole support to which we can cling, as the only animating principle that can warm our hearts or inspire our lives. We must truly, according to the image of a holy doctrine, first die to the world and be born again, before we can enter the kingdom of God.

I see now clearly the cause of my former indifference and blindness to spiritual things. Occupied only with earthly objects, all my thoughts and endeavors fixed upon them, moved only by desire of a result, of consequences to be realized out of myself, unsusceptible and dead to the pure impulse of legislative reason, which presents to us an end purely spiritual, the

immortal Psyche remains with her pinions bound and fastened to the earth.

Our philosophy is the history of our own heart and life, and according to what we find in ourselves is our view of man and his destiny. No true freedom exists for us, so long as we are urged only by the desire of what can be realized in this world. Our freedom is no more than that of the plant, more wonderful in its result, but not in its nature higher; instead of a certain conformation of matter, with roots, leaves and blossoms, bringing forth a mind with thoughts and actions. We cannot understand true freedom as long as we are not in possession of it; we either draw down the word to our own signification, or simply declare all such phrase to be nonsense. By wanting the knowledge of our own freedom we lose at the same time all sense of another world.

All discussions of this kind pass by us like words with which we have no concern, like pale shadows, without form, or color, or meaning, on which we know not how to lay hold. Should we be urged by a more active zeal to investigate them, we should separate, see clearly, and be able to prove, that all these ideas are mere worthless and untenable reveries, which a sound understanding will reject at once; and according to the premises from which we should proceed, drawn from our own experience, we should be perfectly in the right.

The doctrines preached in the midst of us, even to the populace, and from special authority, concerning moral freedom, duty, and everlasting life, are turned into romantic fables; and have no more reality for us than those of Tartarus or the Elysian fields, although, from an opinion of their utility in restraining the people, we do not say this openly.

In one word, it is only by a thorough amelioration of the will that a new light is thrown on our existence and future destiny; without it, let me meditate as much as I will, and be endowed with ever such rare intellectual gifts, darkness remains in me, and around me. The improvement of the heart alone leads to true wisdom; let then my whole life tend to this end!

ALWAYS the breaking up of one world of habitual life, through any painful experience, is designed to be the opening of another and a wider sphere of thought and feeling. It is thus for example, in the disturbing changes of early life. The youth turns away at least with a transient sadness from an early home, to new and untried scenes. But the change is only a birth into a broader life. He leaves his former home. He enters upon a world. He ends his childhood. He becomes a man. He bids farewell to narrower associations, however sweet yet narrow still, and moves amidst modes of thought and forms of life unknown before. So do broad views of nature suddenly salute his eyes, when he first climbs the hills enclosing childhood's dwelling-place, and gazes upon crowded towns, and waving forests, prospects all boundless, stretching out before his wondering view. There is an endless farewell to the days free from the pressure of deep responsibilities. But that pressure of responsibility is the chosen means of unfolding the spirit's energy. There is a close to the life wherein every difficulty is solved by a guide upon whom he can repose. But the day which casts him painfully upon himself, may be the birth-day of a living soul. It is expedient for hearts to go away from the Eden of childhood, where every tree good for fruit grows with no toil of theirs, to that trying dependence upon themselves which trains them up to a manly strength. Indeed, these early dreams of life must be dispelled, before the soul can look forth upon a grander world; a world full of mountain paths perhaps, but leading to more extended prospects at every step of the ascent. The process may be like the transformations in the world of nature. The death to the first form of life, which only moved on the surface of the earth, is the birth of another, which takes beautiful wings and soars through the realms of air.

[G. W. BRUCE.]

Choice Selections.

GO AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

THIS PRECEPT may be applied to any good deed, great life, or noble effort. Such are not merely for the immediate circumstances with which they were surrounded—not only for one day or one generation. They are for all times, and for every man. If you have seen a good deed or heard of it, or read of one performed long ages ago, it matters not when—that good deed speaks to you—it says, “Go and do thou likewise.”

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.”

We are thrilled, perhaps, by some achievement of patriotism. We read of some dauntless man, who, on the field of battle or the scaffold, in the hall of council or the dungeon, upheld, and suffered for some great cause of liberty,—some principle that has tended to the progress of the race. We are thrilled, I say, by that man’s history. We wonder at his greatness. We wish we could have seen him, and conversed with him. But now to every one of us, from that green battle-field or blood-stained scaffold—from that venerable hall or gloomy dungeon, comes to us the teaching, “Go, and do thou likewise”—*likewise*, after a like manner, that is, with a like spirit. You will not, it is possible, be placed in exactly the same circumstances with that great man—you would not, perhaps, adopt precisely such means—you may not be called from your humble station to fill such a large space in the eyes of the world; yet this is the injunction laid upon you, “Go, and do thou likewise,” that is, whenever called to maintain freedom of thought, word or deed, *maintain it*—for yourself, or for others—maintain it as a *principle* so deeply rooted in your heart, that the glittering lines of war-hosts, the uplifted ax of the headman, the insolent voice of authority, or the clanking chains of the prison-house, cannot make you pluck it out. You will not be called upon to encounter just such things, but if you are independent and true, it is quite likely that that persecution which pierceeth the soul will be raised against you—the forces of denunciation will beat their arms upon you, and men will frown or sneer. Then remember what those did, who though they “may have held up trembling hands in the fire,” went for the truth, to that fire—and go, and do thou likewise.

You have heard of men of wondrous *perseverance*, who, when met by one rebuff, have made another attempt, and still another—who have spoken with pebbles in their mouths, or roared to the angry sea—or have crossed the Atlantic to seek a new world, with all men hooting after them as enthusiasts, but who, pressing on, have plucked a glorious triumph. You have wondered how things like these could be, and yet here also comes the teaching, “Go, and do thou likewise.” Not, perhaps, in becoming orators like Demosthenes, or discoverers like Columbus—but in reaching the laudable ends you have in view, encompassed as they may be with difficulties. Press on, use every right effort, never despair!

Thus he lives, and the deeds of others, of which we have read, which we have admired, are not merely for the purpose of thrilling us with their eloquence and their beauty—they are to be *imitated*, lived out, so far as may be, by us in our circumstances. The truth is, we make of great men beings too *abstract* and *dis-
tant*—we think of them too much as *prodigies*, when we should

regard them as very near to us, as the development of faculties that are in us all, as representatives of what we are and what we may be. Solemn and calm they walk there—the great ones of earth—gliding among the broken arches of the past, with the moonlight of old ages streaming down upon their venerable faces; and thus beheld, they seem to us set apart for our wonder and admiration. But we are not to look upon them only there. Out in the fields and marts of actual life, toiling in its workshops, bringing relief to its lazar-houses, going abroad familiarly and freely, may we see them—and looking upon them thus, they seem *real* to us, like our own flesh and blood—we come in contact with them; and then cheerily from the harvest of humanity, waving in golden light over the valleys and the uplands, cheerily from the bloomy woods, and the clanking shop, and the noisy street—in the reaper’s shout and the craftsman’s song, peals up the cry, “go thou and do likewise.”

But the great men are the *good* men. Greatness is goodness. Reader, where then turn for an example and a principle of goodness. Earth’s greatest become small—earth’s philosophers grow dim beside that principle of Love to which Jesus pointed in the good Samaritan—beside that Life of love which he lived upon the mountain, in the garden, and on the cross. Here is our chief example. From this lesson, from this life, comes the voice of authority and persuasion, “Go, and do thou likewise.”

NATURE AND INFIDELITY.

IT IS A COMMON accusation against philosophy, that the study of it renders men infidels; and this alleged fact is brought forward as a proof that human nature is corrupt, blind, and perverse, turning what ought to be its proper food into mortal poison. But if this were really a well-founded charge, the conclusion which I would draw from it would be, that there must be essential errors in the popular interpretations of revelation, when the effect of a knowledge of nature on the mind is to lead to infidelity. Science is of modern growth; and, down to the present hour, the mass of Christians in every country have embraced their faith without the possibility of comparing it with the revelation of the Divine Will contained in the constitution of external nature, which philosophically speaking, was unknown to them. The facts unfolded by science were unknown to the divines who first denied the capability of mankind to attain, by the development of their natural powers, a higher moral condition than any they have hitherto reached; and, hence, their decision against the capabilities of human nature has been pronounced *causa non cognita*, (the merits being unknown,) and must be open for reconsideration. If Christianity was freed from many errors by the revival and spread of mere scholastic learning in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, much more may we expect than the interpretations of Scripture will be farther purified, corrected, and elucidated, by the flood of light which the sciences of human and physical nature, now in the course of cultivation, will one day shed upon religion.

According to my view, the study of the human constitution, of external nature, and of their relations, will become an object of paramount importance, with reference to a just appreciation of the true meaning of Scripture. Civilized man sees infinitely more of true and practical wisdom in Scripture than the savage of the wilderness, and, in like manner, man, when thoroughly instructed in his own constitution and in that of external nature, will discover still profounder truths and more admirable precepts in that record, than are found in it by ignorant, contentious, blind, concealed man, such as he has hitherto existed.

[Contd.]

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote—“It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon.”

A TRUE LIFE.

A TRUE LIFE must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandizement, is the natural result of the predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation. It is vice alone that seems unaccountable—monstrous—well nigh miraculous. Purity is felt to be necessary to the mind, as health to the body, and its absence alike the inevitable source of pain.

A true life must be calm. A life imperfectly directed, is made wretched through distraction. We give up our youth to excitement, and wonder that a decrepit old age steals upon us so soon. We wear out our energies in strife for gold or fame, and then wonder alike at the cost and the worthlessness of the meed. "Is not the life more than meat?" Ay, truly! but how few have practically, consistently, so regarded it? And little as it is regarded by the imperfectly virtuous, how much less by the vicious and the worldling? What a chaos of struggling emotions is exhibited by the lives of the multitude? How like to the wars of the infuriated animalcules in a magnified drop of water, is the strife constantly waged in each little mind! How sloth is jostled by gluttony, and pride wrestled with by avarice, and ostentation bearded by meanness! The soul which is not large enough for the indwelling of one virtue, affords lodgment and scope and arena for a hundred vices. But their warfare cannot be indulged with impunity. Agitation and wretchedness are the inevitable consequences, in the midst of which the flame of life burns flaringly and swiftly to its close.

A true life must be genial and joyous. Tell me not, pale ascetic, of your ceaseless vigils, your fastings, your scourgings. These are fit offerings to Moloch, not to our Father. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen, may be very sure he has chosen amiss, or is self-deceived. But not merely happier—he should be kinder, gentler, and more elastic in spirit, as well as firmer and truer. "I love God and little children," says a German poet. The good are ever attracted and made happier by the presence of the innocent and lovely. And he who finds his religion adverse to, or a restraint upon, the truly innocent pleasures and gayeties of life, so that the latter do not interfere with and jar upon its sublimer objects, may well doubt whether he has, indeed, "learned Jesus." [HOME JOURNAL.]

CONTENTMENT.

LET ANY ONE who feels discontent creeping over him, shake it off at once by rousing up the noble sentiment of gratitude. Is it not a graceless habit which we are prone to contract, of straining our eyes at the dark portions of our condition, and blinding them to those which are bright and fair? Graceless and sinful the habit certainly is, though some with a strange perversity regard it even as religious. Why can we not in every state think more gratefully of what we have, and less covetously of what we have not, and less repiningly and enviously of what we cannot have? Why cannot we turn our attention from what is irretrievably taken away, and fix it more thankfully upon what is left? Why should we not reflect every day, and till our hearts swell, on the privileges and mercies with which our heavenly Father supplies us in all the usual conditions of life? The smiles of his countenance will enlighten ours, however low we may be, if we will but look up to receive their light. The deepest and most secluded valley enjoys its hours of sunshine, and in the night its own "patch of stars," and in the morning its glittering dews. Many blessings we have, and many possessions, all of us, which, if we do not throw them away, no earthly force can take away. Not all the changes of life, nor all

the rage and folly of man, can take from us one promise of God, nor one hope of heaven. They cannot deprive us of faith in Christ, nor charity for our brethren, nor a clean heart and a right spirit. Nature and all her kindness, time, grace, redemption, and many a temporal and bodily enjoyment beside, these are left to us all.

Why, then, are we not more contented, more thankful? I know of no other answer than simply that we do not try to be so, or do not try as we ought—do not use our minds for the purposes for which they were inspired into us for reflection, meditation, communion with the Infinite Spirit of truth and love. Nature speaks, and we do not listen. Events pass—and we suffer their wisdom to pass with them. Joy comes—and we are mad! Sorrow comes—and we are mad again, only with a different madness. Few sit down at the due season, and with the calmness of immortal spirits, look into the depths of time gone and time to come.

We must think more—more of life, more of its ends, more of death, more of what follows death: and we shall be more contented, happier, better satisfied with our condition in this life, better prepared for the life revealed. [COLLINGWOOD.]

BEAUTY OF COLORS.

NOTHING in nature is more beautiful than her colors; every flower is compounded of different shades; almost every mountain is clothed with herbs, different from the one opposed to it: and every field has its peculiar hue. Color is to scenery, what entablature is to architecture, and harmony to language. Colors are, indeed, so fascinating, that in the East there has long prevailed a method of signifying the passion, which is called the love-language of colors. This rhetoric was introduced into Spain by the Arabians. Yellow expressed doubt; black, sorrow; green, hope; purple, constancy; blue, jealousy; white, content; and red, the greatest possible satisfaction. In regard to mourning, it may not be irrelevant to remark, that though most Europeans mourn in black, the ancient Spartans, Romans, and Chinese, mourned in white; the Egyptians, in yellow; the Ethiopians, in brown; the Turks, in violet; while Kings and Cardinals indicate their grief in purple.

With as much facility may we number the leaves of the trees, the billows of the ocean, or the sands of the beach, as describe the various blendings of colors in stones, just washed by the waves; or the gradations and succession of tints, in shells and flowers. These melting rays may not inaptly be styled the melody of colors. Sir Isaac Newton having remarked, that the breadth of the seven primary colors were proportional to the seven musical notes in the gamut. Father Cusheil conceived that colors had their harmonies, as well as music; and he in consequence, constructed an instrument, which he called an ocular harpsicord. "The office of this instrument," says Goldsmith, "was to reflect all the combination of the primary colors in regular succession: the prismatic rays furnishing the notes, and their shades the semitones. What can be more agreeable, than to watch the colors of aerial landscapes, when the sun is rising in all his glory, or setting in his majesty? Or when the moon, rising from behind the point of a rock, tinges the edges of the clouds with saffron; and depicts rivers and castles and mountains, rising over each other, along the horizon? These appearances beautiful as they are in our hemisphere, are far less lovely than those which are observed in some southern climates. "In California," says Humboldt, "the sky is constantly serene, of a deep blue, and without a cloud. Should any appear for a moment, at the setting of the sun, they display the finest shades of violet, purple, and green. All those who have ever been in California preserve a recollection of the extraordinary beauty of this phenomenon." [HARMONIES OF NATURE.]

THAT LIFE is long which answers life's great ends. YOUNG

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

TO OUR READERS.—Last spring there was a development of previously existing disturbances among Editors and contiguous minds immediately connected with the *Univercælum*—a *misunderstanding*, having for its parent three causes, viz:—a misapprehension of individual motives, a mis-conception of individual responsibilities, a mis-arrangement of individual persons in reference to their true positions and spheres of action. This misunderstanding not being speedily removed, ultimated in a voluntary divergence. But *time* has developed the motives of all, and circumstances have modified their respective responsibilities, defined their true positions, united their efforts, and *experience* has mapped their course in the future. Henceforth they form but one body, tread but one path, labor but for one purpose; and will endeavor to represent, by their *oneness* of Soul and combination of Strength, the triumph of the three-fold manifestation of the Religious Sentiment—viz.—Self, Fraternal, and Universal Justice.

Editors of *Univercælum*.

THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS.

"All there is of us is ideal. A man may have as much soul as he pleases."
T. S. KING.

IN THE ABOVE SENTIMENT is expressed a vast and a vastly important fact; yet by the majority of rational beings, perhaps, it would be regarded as a chimera: especially at first thought. How few act as if true thoughts and ideas were in reality the only substantial actualities in existence. Nor can we wonder at this, when we consider that by the mass this great fact is not realized. They look upon thoughts, if, indeed, they think them worthy any notice, as mere shadows, flitting over the brain; as vapors, which the external, tangible acts of life, will soon dispel.

The man of great ideas and few actions is regarded as an idle dreamer, as almost a useless being in this busy world; while he who boards his thousands, or he who mounts to fame over the necks of prostrate nations, or wades to glory through rivers of blood, is looked upon as a human prodigy—is held up as an example for the more tardy and unsuccessful to imitate. View, for a moment, the almost constant practice of mankind; in all they do, has not the body the preference over the soul? Must it not be pampered with luxuries, and clad in splendid attire: albeit the mind is famishing for plain, simple nutriment? Is not the hour spent in reflection, in thought, looked upon as nearly wasted, while every moment which achieves some outward, visible action, is counted as clear gain, and regarded with much satisfaction.

But is this as it should be? Does any one really expect his body to last beyond three score years and ten, or thereabouts? And does any one really expect his soul to lose its identity, or become amalgamated with some other form of matter, when it loses its connection with the body? Methinks few would demur if I answer, No. Then why not, if the soul is enduring, actual, eternal, while the body is fleeting, destructible, temporal, regard each accordingly, and act toward each as reasonable beings should act; as if we prized that which is most valuable rather than the comparatively worthless.

Are outward actions any thing more than the embodiment of thought; the visible form in which thought dwells as a soul? Can an action ever exist which has not a thought for its creator and sustainer? Like all temporal things, actions soon come to an end: they work their mission, produce their effect, and are gone. Not so the thought which originated them: that is creative, immortal. As in the world of matter, an incessant action is kept up by the attraction and repulsion of its particles, so in the world of mind one idea awakens another; a thought, which

is no more than a motion of my mind, awakens a kindred thought or produces a similar motion in the mind of another, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Would we have mankind act right, we must make them think aright; since their acts when free must correspond to their thoughts. If a person, through coercion or policy, acts contrary to his convictions, we feel no confidence in his actions; we know, and that from our own experience, that whenever the motive force which produced his actions is relaxed or removed, he will act differently. And so of all the restraints which are imposed upon society; if they are not in harmony with the prevailing idea of that society, they will be broken through at every opportunity. If such laws exist, people are no more than acting out their nature in violating them; and to punish them for such violation, or brand them as criminal, is only falsifying a great truth.

To secure obedience to laws, or rather to do away with the necessity for all law, except the great divine law enstamped on all created things, make men think right, and of their own free wills they will never act wrong. It is a terrible thing to force men to act contrary to their convictions; to make them act a lie; to make the external manifestation false to the inner reality. To confine the body in chains and dungeons, depriving it of all its natural aliments, is mercy compared to it; inasmuch as the soul is superior to the body.

If in school I have scholars whom, from long acquaintance, I have found imbued with right principles, that is, whose thoughts are true, I feel perfect confidence in them; I know they will act properly, whether in my presence or not; but if, on the contrary, I have those whose thoughts incline to mischief, I know, that unless under my eye, their actions will be mischievous, and I have no faith in their integrity of conduct. In no other way can such scholars be made honest, obedient, true to themselves and me; in fine, what they should be, but by making them think rightly—making their souls the receptacle of truth, in all its vital power. To make laws for them, and punish them for violating such laws, would only be making unpleasant work for myself, without benefitting them.

So of slavery, intemperance, or any other evil with which our world is cursed. Were every legislative body in every nation to strive constantly for their destruction, they would still exist, were the leading ideas of humanity not right on the subject. For men will find a way to act out their minds. And this convinces me that arguments, reasons, convictions, will do more toward reforming mankind than laws and penalties. The former work slowly, perhaps, but surely; the latter work rashly, and to little or no purpose in the end.

These same principles apply to our present social organization, whose defects every philanthropic and benevolent person deploras. The "upper ten thousand" think no more falsely hereupon than do their poor victims, though the latter will sooner correct these thoughts than the former; because, while the one may be opposed to change from considerations of self-interest, the other is prompted by the same motives to change.

Now reformers, in order to work effectually, must work in the domain of mind, and as fast as that is corrected it will manifest itself outwardly. It is all nonsense to dream of progression, while men grovel in mental error. Under such circumstances every change must be retrograde; only where truth guides can the movement be onward and upward.

To all who care aught for the advancement and perfection of the race, I would say: ask yourselves seriously, do you act in accordance with your own true thoughts, and do you encourage this in others? No man is a free—true man, who does not this, and whoever does this is a near brother to Jesus, wherever he be—to Jesus, the God-like, because the free, true thinker and actor. To those whose thoughts and desires never rise beyond mean, groveling, contracted selfishness, the question will have no force, because they cannot appreciate it; it is beyond their comprehension.

J. M. B.

A CHAPTER FOR THE MONTH.

WHAT shall we say to thee, September, after having said, and sung, so much to other months?—can we do more than bid thee welcome, after the previous fashion, making up the want of grace and freshness in sincerity? for have we not reason to be sincere; since the Author of all bestows his gifts sincerely, and generously, asking no return—but love to himself, and all his creatures! Thou brightest, September, the first of those “melancholy days” of Autumn, which have been called “the saddest of the year,” in one of the sweetest stanzas from our finest poet.

“The Melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of Autumn woods and wailing winds,
And meadows brown and sere.”

There is, most truly, in thine aspect something which awakens that pleasing melancholy—those indescribable sensations—which next to the bounding pulses of hope, which the starry eyes of spring excite, are most delicious. The “wailing winds” have not yet come; nor are the meadows yet “brown and sere;” but fresh and verdant, though the scythe, with its fatal sweep, has cut away the fair ranks which grew upon them; yet are they not disheartened; for the intrepid phalanx are again putting forth their powers, that they may, with one united effort, build up another social community; soothed and encouraged in their labors by the songs of the cricket and the grass hopper, those troubadours of the fields. They have not yet felt the cold icy grasp of the frost upon them, turning them pale with fear, and stilling the tumult of their little Babel.

Soft-eyed, gentle daughter of Summer, we cannot but bless thy coming; for thy presence upon the earth is like a soothing hand upon the fevered brow—it allays the heat, and quiets the excited pulses. The autumnal flowers—the brightest of the year—have begun to make their appearance. The white and purple stars of the aster are scattered profusely over the waste places of the common pasture; and the wand-like stems of the solidago gird the closely-shaven meadows, which, in their renewed freshness, appear like plates of emerald, set in the finest gold. The Cardinal-flower, with its bright red mitre, and serpline of vivid green, stands among the common grass, and the lovelier flowers of the marshes, like the richly vested churchman, among his humble followers. Among the flowers of September we may also reckon the Clematis—the Virgin’s bower of the poets, although one who has preceded me, claims it for July—quite a mistake for a botanist—since it does not bloom before August; and is not in full perfection until the following month—when it binds with its profuse silvery fringes, the border of almost every thicket and low meadow.

The horizon in the distance has that smoky and transcendental “appearance, which inspires meditations, and gives birth to such thoughts as dreams are made of—” nor do we thus “sport vain dreams in vain;” for the feeling thus inspired, quickens the imagination, and purifies the heart.

The pulses of the now more than middle-aged year beat less ardently than in youth; no longer looking with hope to the future; but recounting stories of the past, or casting meditative eyes upon both. The hills in the distance look silent and thoughtful; for they have received intimation that they must put off, before many weeks, their beautiful drapery, and assume the shroud—the few lingering flowers must soon close their drooping fringes, and sink helpless upon the breast of earth—the trees must lose their leafy honors, and stand in relief against the sky—poor, naked skeletons—through which the mournful winds shall sing a dirge-like requiem—all save a few gifted with evergreen vesture—the Elijahs of the woods—that are translated from year to year, without change.

Our eyes are now turned upon the receding summer which may never return to us again. But let us trust that we shall hereafter enjoy an eternal summer of the spirit—as we may,

even now, whatever be the external season—if our hearts are kept free from selfish dress, and expanded in universal benevolence. Let us then bid farewell to the summer of the year; but not to the summer of the heart—so that if another yet rests for us in the dim future, we may prepare to enjoy its beauties. o.

MORAL COURAGE.

MANY persons are sadly deficient in this respect. They have some confidence in truth and goodness, but the desire to gain the world’s applause is the ruling passion which has caused many craven spirits to stifle the voice of conscience, to bury the truth and insult the majesty of virtue. The man who is thus weak and cowardly—who has not sufficient magnanimity to be free, and act as reason and conscience dictate—is a miserable being. I had rather bear the yoke of the poor African, and wear his chain, than suffer the degradation of this voluntary slavery. If you desire to know whether such a man will profess faith, you must ascertain the views of his friends;—Tell me what the public will say and I have the result. You may preach truth, but if in the general estimation it is heresy, this man will not receive it. He has one evidence that he is always right—he is always with the majority. He is Catholic or Protestant, believer or skeptic, to suit the circumstances of the occasion. If he is among the Ephesians you have only to visit the temple of Diana or the workshop of Demetrius. You will be sure to find him—he will sustain the craft and worship the goddess. When at Jerusalem he has the same argument to prove the correctness of his position—the people are on his side—I. e., *he follows the multitude*. If you can only determine which has the most friends, Christ or Herod, his position is at once defined. It is of little consequence to him whether the popular cry be “Hosanna to the Son of David,” or “Crucify him.” In either case he will respond—*Amen!*

S. B. B.

PATIENCE.

THIS IS A VIRTUE of which there are but few illustrious examples. In the great conflict with the world, most men lose, at times, that perfect equilibrium of mind which is essential to their highest interest and happiness. We should guard against this weakness. As we have not yet arrived at the stature of the perfect man, it is folly, of course, to expect perfection in others. If we propose to live among men, and to mingle in the intercourse of society, we must be satisfied to share the common lot.

He who is truly great is not easily disturbed. He may fail in his noblest enterprises; the ambitious may deprive him of his rights; the dishonest may enrich themselves at the expense of his labor; he may experience the treachery of pretended friends, and encounter the opposition of the whole world. But under all these circumstances the wise man will preserve his equanimity. The petty cares and disappointments, which break the harmony of little minds, make no impression on him. He is unharmed amid the storm. Slight causes may divert others from the true course, and cause them to relax their efforts, but he will keep the even tenor of his way. Like the noiseless waters of the deep stream is the river of his peace. His life resembles the crystal fountain,

“In whose calm depths,
The beautiful and pure alone
Are mirrored.”

The forms of evil may hover round the surface, but the bright current of his spiritual being

“—takes no shadow from them.”

S. B. B.

THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY worshipping in the Coliseum, will hereafter hold a Sunday evening, in addition to morning service. It is the intention of Br. Harris, during the fall and winter, to deliver a series of Lectures covering the general field of Humanitary Reform. Seats free. Services at 10 1-2 A. M. and 7 1-2 P. M.

Poetry.

THE SUNBEAM.

BY MRS. F. HEMANS.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall ;
 A joy thou art and a wealth to all—
 A bearer of hope unto land and sea ;
 Sunbeam ! what gift has the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles—
 Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles !
 Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
 And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
 Though art streaming on through their green arcades,
 And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
 Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountain—a vapor lay,
 Folding their heights in its dark array ;
 Thou lookest forth—and the mist became
 A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
 Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;
 But a gleam of thee on its casement fell,
 And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
 Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
 And thou scornest not, from thy pomp, to shed
 A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
 And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
 And its high, pale tombs, with their trophies old,
 Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
 Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave ;
 Thou scatter'st its gloom like the dreams of rest,
 Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of Summer ! oh ! what is like thee ?
 Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea !
 —One thing is like thee, to mortals given,
 The Faith touching all things with hues of Heaven.

ASPIRATIONS.

I would be strong ;
 Strong in the majesty of mental power,
 Stedfast alike when tempests around me lower,
 Or flatterers around me throng.

I would be brave ;
 Brave in the fearless night of truthful thought,
 To burst the chain around the fettered wroght,
 And free the injured slave.

I would be free ;
 Free as the streamlet from the mountain gushing,
 Free as the eagle through wide heaven rushing ;—
 And see my brother free.

I would be wise ;
 Wise in the knowledge of my soul and heart,
 Studying in nature's book a freeman's part,
 Read with a freeman's eyes.

I would be firm ;
 Firm in the utterance of heartfelt thought,
 Neither by smiles cajoled, or interest bought—
 In duty's resolves stern.

I would be true ;
 True to my conscience—true to nature's laws,
 And true to sacred freedom's glorious cause,
 Through all life's changes true.

I would be great ;
 Not in the estimation of the crowd,
 Who prize alone rank's tinsel colored cloud,
 Veiling man's true estate ;

But great in fame ;
 Based on good deeds, wrought ever for the just,
 And thus would leave to time in hopeful trust
 A pure, unspotted name.

LABOR.

BY EDWARD G. ABBOTT.

LABOR, labor—honest labor—
 Labor keeps me well and strong ;
 Labor gives me food and raiment,
 Labor, too, inspires my song !

Labor keeps me ever merry—
 Cheerful labor is but play ;
 Labor wrestles with my sorrow,
 Labor driveth tears away.

Labor makes me greet the morning
 In the glorious hour of dawn,
 And I see the hills and valleys
 Put their golden garments on.

Labor brings an eve of solace,
 When my hands their toil forego ;
 And across my heart in silence
 Cherished streams of memory flow.

Labor curtains night with gladness,
 Giveth rest and happy dreams ;
 And the sleep that follows labor
 With a mystic pleasure teems.

Labor ever freely giveth
 Lustrous vigor to the mind ;
 Shedding o'er it sunlight holy,
 New ideas I daily find.

Labor brings me all I need—
 While I work I need not borrow—
 Hands are toiling for to-day,
 Mind is working for to-morrow.

Labor's tools make sweetest music,
 As their busy echoes ring ;
 Loom, and wheel, and anvil, ever
 Have a merry song to sing.

"Labor—labor !" crieth Nature,
 "Labor !" sing the wheels of Time,
 And in their own mystic language
 Earth, and sky, and ocean chime.

Labor—labor ! ne'er be idle,—
 Labor, labor while ye can ;
 'Tis the Iron Age of Labor,
 Labor only makes the man !

Miscellaneous Department.

THE CHILDREN OF MOUNT IDA.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

"SPIRIT, who waftest me where'er I will,
And seest, with finer eyes, what infants see,
Feeling all lovely truth,
With the wise health of everlasting youth,
Beyond the motes of bigotry's sick eye,
Or the blind feel of false philosophy—
O Spirit, O Muse of mine,
Frank, and quick-dimpled to all social glee,
And yet most sylvan of the earnest Nine—
O take me now, and let me stand
On some such lovely land,
Where I may feel me as I please,
In dells among the trees."

In very ancient times there dwelt, among the Phrygian hills, an old shepherd and shepherdess, named Mygdomus and Arisba. From youth they had tended flocks and herds on the Idean mountains. Their only child, a blooming boy of six years, had been killed by falling from a precipice. Arisba's heart overflowed with maternal instinct which she yearned inexpressibly to lavish on some object; but though they laid many offerings on the altars of the gods, with fervent supplications, there came to them no other child.

Thus years passed in loneliness, until one day, when Mygdomus searched for his scattered flock among the hills, he found a babe sleeping under the shadow of a plane tree. The grass bore no marks of footsteps, and how long he had lain there it was impossible to conjecture. The shepherd shouted aloud, but heard only echoes in the solitude of the mountains. He took the child tenderly in his arms, and conveyed it to Arisba, who received it gladly, as an answer to her prayers. They nurtured him with goat's milk, and brought him up among the breezes of the hills, and the boy grew in strength and beauty. Arisba cherished him with exceeding love, but still her heart was not quite satisfied.

"If he had but a sister to play with him," said she, "it would be so pleasant here under the trees."

The boy was three years old, and beautiful as a morning in spring, when his foster-parents carried him down to the plains, to a great festival of Bacchus, held during the vintage. It was a scene of riot and confusion; but the shepherd loved thus to vary the loneliness of his mountain life, and Arisba fondly desired to show her handsome boy, with his profusion of dark glossy curls bound in a fillet of ivy and grape leaves. Her pride was abundantly satisfied; for everywhere among the crowd the child attracted attention. When the story was told of his being found in the mountain forest, the women said he must have been born of Apollo and Aurora, for only they could produce such beauty. The gossip reached the ears of an old woman, who came hobbling on her crutch, to look at the infant prodigy.

"By the adorable! he is a handsome boy," said she; "but come with me, and I too will show you something for the Mother of Love to smile upon."

She led the way to her daughter, who, seated under a tree, apart from the multitude, tended a sleeping babe.

"By the honey sweet! isn't she pretty, too?" exclaimed the old woman, pointing to the lovely infant, whose rosy lips were slowly moving, as if she suckled in her dreams. "My son who hunts among the hills, found her on the banks of the Cebrenus, with one little foot dipped in the stream. Methinks the good Mountain Mother scatters children on our Phrygian hills, as abundant as the hyacinths."

"Then she is not your own?" eagerly inquired Arisba.

"No; and pretty as she is, I do not want her, for I have ten. But what can I do? One must not leave babes to be devoured by wild beasts."

"Oh, give her to me," cried Arisba: "My boy so needs a playmate."

The transfer was readily made; and the child-loving matron, rejoicing in her new treasure, soon left the revellers, and slowly wended her way back to the silent hills.

A cradle of bark and lichen, suspended between two young olive trees, held the babe, while Arisba, seated on a rock, sung as she plied the distaff. The boy at her side built small altars of stones, or lay at full length on the grass, listening to the gurgling brook, or watching the shadows at their play. Thus peacefully grew these little ones, amid all harmonies of sight and sound; and the undisturbed beauty of nature, like a pervading soul, fashioned their outward growth into fair proportions and a gliding grace.

For a long time, they had no names. They were like unrecorded wild flowers, known at sight, on which the heart heaps all sweet epithets. Their foster-parents spoke of them to strangers as the forest-found, and the river-child. A lovelier picture could not be imagined, than these fair children, wreathing their favorite kid with garlands, under the shadow of the trees, or splashing about, like infant Naiades, in the mountain brook. On the hill side, near their rustic home, was a goat's head and horns, bleached by sun and winds. It had been placed on a pole to scare the crows; and as it stood there many a year, the myrtle had grown round it, and the clematis wreathed it with flowery festoons, like the architectural ornaments of a temple. A thrush had built her nest between the horns: and a little rill gushed from the rock, in a cleft of which the pole was fastened. Here the boy loved to scoop up the water for his little playmate to drink from his hand; and as they stood thus under the vines they seemed like children of the gods, but the most beautiful sight was to see them kneeling hand in hand before the altar of Cybele, in the grove, with wreaths about their heads and garlands in their hands, while the setting sun sprinkled gold among the shadow-foliage on the pure white marble. Always they were together. When the boy was strong enough to bend a bow, the girl ran ever by his side to carry his arrows; and then she had a smaller arrow for herself, with which she would shoot the flowers from their stems as skillfully as Cupid himself.

As they grew older, they came under the law of utility; but this likewise received a poetic charm from their free and simple mode of life. While the lad tended the flocks, the maiden sat on a rock at his feet, spinning busily while she sang summer melodies to the warblings of his flute. Sometimes, when each tended flocks on separate hills, they relieved the weary hours by love-messages sent through the air on the wings of music. Her Lydian pipe wakened the echoes with its shrill, clear, bright tones; and his Phrygian flute answered with sweet gravity, taking its rest in plaintive cadences. Sometimes they jested sportively with each other, asking mischievous questions in fragments of musical phrases, the language of which only could be interpreted only by themselves. But more frequently they spoke to each other deeper things than either of them comprehended; struggling aspirations toward the infinite, rising and lowering like tongues of flame; heart-yearnings; half uttered impassioned prophecies of emotions not yet born; and the wailing voice of sorrows as yet unknown.

In the maiden especially was the vague but intense expression of music observable. In fact, her whole being was vivacious and impressible in the extreme; and so transparent were her senses, that the separation between earthly and spiritual existence seemed to be of the thinnest and clearest crystal. All noises were louder to her than to others, and images invisible to them were often painted before her on the air, with a most perfect distinctness of outline and brilliancy of coloring. This kind of spirit-life was indicated in her face and form. Her exquisitely beautiful countenance was remarkably lucid, and her deep blue eyes, shaded with very long dark fringes, had an intense expression, as if some spirit from the inner shrine looked

through them. Her voice was wonderfully full of melodious inflexions, but even in its happiest utterance had a constant tendency to slide into sad modulations. The outline of her slight figure swayed gracefully to every motion, like a young birch tree to the breath of gentle winds; and its undulations might easily suggest the idea of beauty born of the waves.

Her companion had the perfection of physical beauty. A figure slender but vigorous; a free, proud carriage of the head, glowing complexion; sparkling eyes, voluptuous mouth, and a pervading expression of self-satisfaction and joy in his own existence. A nature thus strong and ardent of course exercised a powerful influence over her higher but more ethereal and susceptible life. Then, too, the constant communion of glances and sounds, and the subtle influence of atmosphere and scenery, had so intertwined their souls, that emotions in the stronger were felt by the weaker, in vibrations audible as a voice. Near or distant, the maiden felt whether her companion's mood were gay or sad; and she divined his thoughts with a clearness that sometimes made him more than half afraid.

Of course they loved each other long before they knew what love was; and with them innocence had no need of virtue. Placed in outward circumstances so harmonious with nature, they were drawn toward each other by an attraction as pure and unconscious as the flowers. They had no secrets from their good foster-mother: and she, being reverent toward the gods, told them that their union must be preceded by offerings to Juno and solemnized by mutual promises. She made a marriage feast for them, in her humble way, and crowned the door posts with garlands. Life passed blissfully there, in the bosom of the deeply wooded hills. Two souls that are sufficient to each other; sentiments, affections, passions, thoughts, all blending in love's harmony, are earth's most perfect medium of heaven. Through them the angels come and go continually, on missions of love to all the lower forms of creation. It is the halo of these heavenly visitors that veils the earth in such a golden glory and makes every little flower smile its blessings upon lovers. And these innocent ones were in such harmony with nature in her peaceful spring time! The young kids, browsing on the almond blossoms, stopped and listened to their flutes, and came ever nearer till they looked in the eyes of the wedded ones. And when the sweet sounds died away into silence, the birds took up the strain and sang their salutation to the marriage-principle of the universe.

Thus months passed on, and neither heart felt an unsatisfied want. They were known to each other by many endearing names, but the foster-parents usually called them Corythus and Enone. These names were everywhere cut into the rocks, and carved upon the trees. Sometimes, the childlike girl would ask, nothing doubting of the answer, "Will you love me thus when I am as old as our good Arista?" And he would twine flowers in the rich braids of her golden hair as he fondly answered, "May the Scamander flow back to its source, if I ever cease to love my Enone." That there were other passions in the world than love, they neither of them dreamed. But one day Corythus went down to the plains in search of a milk-white bull that had strayed from the herd. He was returning with the animal, when he encountered a troop of hunters from the city on the other side of the river. The tramp of their horses and the glitter of their spears frightened the bull, and he plunged madly into the waves of the Scamander. The uncommon beauty of the powerful beast, and his fiery strength, attracted attention. Some of the hunters dismounted to assist in bringing him out of the river, and with many praises, inquired to whom he belonged. The shepherd answered their questions with a graceful diffidence that drew some admiration upon himself. As the troop rode away he heard one of them say, "By Apollo's quiver! that magnificent bull must be the one on which Jupiter disguised himself to carry off Europa."

"Yes," replied another, "and that handsome rustic might be Ganymede in disguise."

A glow of pleasure mantled the cheek of Corythus. He stood for a moment proudly caressing the neck and head of the superb animal, and gazed earnestly after the hunters. The adventure made a strong impression on his mind; for by the brazen helmets and shields, richly embossed with silver, he rightly conjectured that they who had spoken thus of him were princes of Ilium. From that day he dressed himself more carefully, and often looked at the reflection of himself in the mountain pool. Instead of hastening to Enone, when they had by any chance been separated for a few hours, he often lingered long, to gaze at the distant towers of Ilium, glittering in the setting sun. The scene was indeed surpassingly fair. The Scamander flowed silvery through a verdant valley girdled by an amphitheater of richly wooded mountains. Europe and Asia smiled at each other across the bright waters of the *Ægean*, while the lovely islands of Imbros and Tenedos slept at their feet. But it was not the beauty of the scene which chiefly attracted his youthful imagination. The spark of ambition had fallen into his breast, and his shepherd life now seemed unmanly and dull. Enone soon felt this; for the usually quick perception of love was rendered still more keen by her peculiar impressibility to spiritual influence. For the first time, in her innocent and happy life, came conscious sadness without a defined reason, and unsatisfied feelings that took no name. She gave out the whole of her soul, and not being all received, the backward stroke of unabsorbed affection struck on her heart with mournful echoes. It made her uneasy, she knew not why, to hear Corythus talk of the princes of Ilium, with their dazzling crests and richly embroidered girdles. It seemed as if these princes somehow or other, came between her and her love. She had always been remarkable for her dreaming power, and in her present state of mind this mysterious gift increased. Her senses, too, became more acute. A nerve seemed to be thrust out from every pore. She started at the slightest sound and often, when others saw nothing, she would exclaim, "Look at that beautiful bird, with feathers like the rainbow!" The kind foster-mother laid all these things to her heart. Something of reverence, tinged with fear, mixed with her love for this dear child of her adoption. She said to her husband, "Perhaps she is the daughter of Apollo, and he will endow her with the gift of prophecy, as they say he has the beautiful princess Cassandra, in the royal halls of Ilium."

The attention of Corythus was quite otherwise employed. All his leisure moments were spent in making clubs and arrows. He often went down into the plains, to join the young men in wrestling matches, running, leaping, throwing of quoits. In all games of agility or strength, he soon proved his superiority so decidedly that they ceased to excite him. Then he joined hunting parties, and in contests with wild beasts he signalized himself by such extraordinary boldness and skill, that in all the country round he came to be known by the name of Alexander, or the Defender.

The echo of his fame flattered the pride of his foster-father, who often predicted for him a career of greatness; but poor Enone wept at these periods of absence, which became more and more frequent. She concealed her tears from him, however, and eagerly seized every little moment of sunshine to renew their old happiness. But of all the sad tasks of poor humanity it is the most sorrowful, to welcome ghosts of those living joys that once embraced us with the warmest welcome. To an earnest and passionate nature it seems almost better to be hated than to be less beloved. Enone would not believe that the sympathy between them was less perfect than it had been; but the anxious inquiry and the struggling hope were gradually weakening her delicate frame; and an event occurred which completely deranged her nervous organization. One day they had both been tending flocks on the hills and had fallen asleep in the shade of a gigantic oak. When they awoke the flock had wandered away, and they went in search of them. Twilight drew her cloud-curtain earlier than usual, and only a solitary star was here and

there visible. Bewildered by the uncertain light, they lost their way and were obliged to trust to the sagacity of their dog. The sky, through the thickly interlacing boughs of gigantic trees, looked down upon them solemnly; bushes here and there started forth, like spectral shadows, across their path; and their faithful dog now and then uttered a long low howl as if he felt the vicinity of some evil beast. Ceneone was overcome with exceeding fear. The wind among the trees distressed her with its wailing song; and her acute senses detected other sounds in the distance, long before they reached the ear of her companion. "Ha! what is that?" she exclaimed, clinging more closely to his arm.

"'Tis only the evening wind," he replied.

"Don't you hear it?" she said: "It is a horrible noise, like the roar of lions. Ah, dear Corythus, the wild beasts will devour us."

He stood and listened intently. "I hear nothing," said he, "but the Dryads whispering among the trees and pulling green garlands from the boughs. Your ears deceive you, dearest."

There was a silence for a few moments; and then with a faint shriek, she exclaimed, "Oh, didn't you hear that frightful clash? The dog heard it. Hark! how he growls." For some time, Corythus insisted that there were no other sounds than those common to evening. But at last a deep roar, mingled with howls, came through the air too distinctly to be mistaken. Ceneone trembled in every joint, and the perspiration stood in large drops on her lips and forehead. The sounds grew louder and louder. Booming timbrels were answered with the sharp clash of cymbals, and at every pause of the rolling drums the Phrygian pipe moaned on the winds. The roars, shrieks, and howls of a furious multitude rent the air with fierce discords, and the earth shook as with the tramp of an army. As they passed by the glare of their torches came up from below and cast fantastic gleams on the dark foliage of the firs.

"The gods be praised," said Corythus, "these are no wild beasts; but the Corybantes on their way to the temple of Cybele. The sounds are awful indeed; but the Mountain Mother has been kind to us, dear Ceneone; for by the route they have taken I see that the good dog has guided us right, and we are not far from our home." He received no answer and could hear no breathing. He felt the arm that clutched him convulsively, and found it cold and rigid. Fitful flashes of lurid light gleamed ever and anon in the distance; the hills echoed the roar of Cybele's lions, and the passionate clang of cymbals pierced into the ear of night. There was no hope of making his voice heard through the uproar; so he tenderly lifted his fair burthen and bore it vigorously down the steep hill, pausing now and then to take breath. At last, his eyes were greeted by the welcome sight of Mygdonius with a torch, anxiously looking out for them. Ceneone's terror, and its consequences, were briefly explained and quickly as possible they carried her into the dwelling. The swoon continued so long, that it seemed like death; but at last she opened her eyes, gazed round with an unconscious stare, and soon fell into a deep sleep. The next morning she appeared exceedingly weak and there was a strange expression about her eyes. She so earnestly besought Corythus not to leave her, that the old shepherd and his wife proposed to go forth with the flocks, and it was agreed to call them, in case of need, by a shrill summons on the pipe. But Ceneone though much exhausted, and nervously sensitive to light and sound, slept most of the time quietly. Corythus had in his hand a branch of laurel, and to amuse her waking moments he wove a garland of the leaves and playfully wreathed it around her head. Her eyes lighted up with a singular inward radiance and she exclaimed joyfully, "I like that. It makes me feel strong."

Corythus gazed anxiously into her eyes, and a superstitious fear crossed his mind that she had in some way offended the dread goddess Cybele, and been punished with insanity. But she smiled so sweetly on him and spoke so coherently, that he

soon dismissed the fear. An insect buzzed about her head and he moved his hand slowly up and down, to keep it away. When he paused, she said, "Do that again. It is soothing and pleasant." He continued the motion, and with a delighted smile, she said, "Ah, the laurel bough has golden edges, and there are rays about your head, like a shining crown." The smile was still on her lips when she sunk into a profound slumber. But when he rose and attempted to go out, she said imploringly, "Oh don't leave me!" Yet she still seemed in the deepest possible sleep.

"Ceneone, do you see me?" he asked.

"Yes, I see you on a hill where there is a marble temple. There are three very beautiful women, and they all beckon to you."

"What do they ask of me?" said he.

"They ask you to say which is the fairest. One offers you a king's crown if you decide for her; another holds forth a glittering spear and says she will make you the most renowned warrior in the world; the other offers a myrtle wreath and says, 'Decide in my favor and you shall marry the most beautiful princess in the world.'"

"I choose the myrtle," said Corythus; "but this is an odd dream."

"It is not a dream," said Ceneone.

"Are you not asleep then?"

"Yes, I am asleep; the motion of your hands put me to sleep and if you move that hazel twig over my face it will wake me."

He waved the twig, and her eyes opened immediately; but when questioned, she said she had seen no marble temple and no beautiful women.

This incident made an indelible impression on the mind of Corythus. He merely told the foster-parents that she talked in her sleep and had at times looked very strangely. But, within himself, he pondered much upon what she had said concerning the beautiful princess. Some days after, when he and Ceneone were out on the hill side, he told her what she had said of the motion of his hands, and the effect of the hazel twig; but an undefined feeling led him to forbear mentioning her prophecy that he would marry the most beautiful princess in the world.

She answered playfully, "Move your hands over my head again, and see if I shall fall asleep." He did so, and in few minutes, she said, "Ah, all the leaves on the trees now wear a golden edge, the flowers radiate light, there is a shining crown around your head, and from your fingers dart lines of fire. Dear Corythus, this is like what the minstrel sung of the Argonauts when they were benighted, and Apollo's bow cast bright gleams along the shore and sparkled on the waves."

She continued to talk of the beautiful appearance more and more drowsily, and in a few minutes sunk into slumber. Corythus watched the statue-like stillness of her features and the singularly impressive beauty of their expression. It was unlike anything he had ever seen. A glorious light beamed from her countenance, but it shone *through* it, not *on* it; like a rose-colored lamp within a vase of alabaster. For a few moments he was too much awed to interrupt the silence. There was something so divine in her loveliness, as she lay there peacefully under the whispering foliage, while the breezes gently raised her golden ringlets. But curiosity was too powerful to be long subdued by reverence: and Corythus at last asked, "Ceneone, where is the beautiful princess whom I shall marry?"

After a pause, she replied: "In a fair city girdled by verdant hills, far south from here, toward the setting sun."

"Do you see her?" he asked.

"Yes. She is in a magnificent palace, the walls of which are ivory inlaid with golden vines, and grapes of amber. Beneath her feet is spread a rich green cloth, embroidered with flowers. A handmaid is kneeling before her, with a shining silver vase, twined round with golden serpents, and heaped with fine purple

wool. Another sits at her feet, with the infant princess in her arms."

"She is married, then?"

"She is the famous Helena, of whose many lovers the minstrels sing, and who was married to Menelaus, king of Lacedæmonia."

"How does she look?"

"Majestic as Juno and beautiful as Venus. She has large dark glowing eyes, a proud but very beautiful mouth, and neck and shoulders as white as ivory. Her glossy brown hair is bound round the forehead with a golden fillet, and falls in waves almost to her feet. She is very beautiful, and very vain of her beauty."

"How then is it that she will consent to marry me, a poor shepherd?"

"You are the son of a king; and when she sees you, she will think you the most beautiful of men."

I the son of a king! Dearest Ceneone, tell me of what king."

"Of Priam, king of Troy."

"How then came I on Mount Ida?"

"The night you were born, your mother dreamed of a torch that set all Ilium on fire. The dream troubled her and she told it to the king, her husband. He summoned the soothsayers, and they told him that the babe which was born would cause the destruction of the city. While your mother slept, the king gave you to his favorite slave, Archelaus, with orders to strangle you. But he had not the heart to do it, and so he left you under a plane tree on Mount Ida, and prayed the gods to send some one to save you."

"Shall I be happy with the beautiful princess?"

"You shall have joy, but much, much more sorrow. She will bring destruction on you; and you will come to Ceneone to die."

Being farther questioned, she said she knew the virtues of all herbs and the antidotes for poisons.

Corythus walked slowly back and forth, with folded arms, revolving all that had been uttered. Could it be that those handsome princes of Ilium were his brothers? And the lovely Helena, the renown of whose beauty had even reached the ears of shepherds on these distant hills, could she ever be his wife?

He paused and gazed on Ceneone, and compared in his mind her innocent spiritual beauty with the voluptuous picture she had given of Helena; and there arose within him a vague longing for the unknown one. "Wake me! wake me!" exclaimed the sleeper: "There is a strange pain in my heart." Marveling much, and blushing at his own thoughts, he hastily awoke her. He felt an unwillingness to reveal what she had uttered; and she was satisfied when told that she had talked incoherently of the splendors of a palace. From that day he often tried the experiment and was never satisfied with hearing her visions.

It was a sad task to this fair prophetess, thus to paint the image of a rival in the heart of him she loved. And though there remained in the waking state no remembrance of the revelations made, yet the effect of them gave a more plaintive tone to her whole existence. The angelic depth of expression increased in her beautiful eyes, and evermore looked out through a transparent veil of melancholy for she felt the estrangement of her beloved Corythus, though she knew it not. In fact, his wayward behavior attracted the attention of even good old Arisba. Moody and silent, or irritable and impetuous, he no longer seemed like the loving and happy youth whom she had doated on from his infancy. Sometimes he would hurl the heaviest stones with might and main down the sides of the mountain, or wrench the smaller trees up by the roots. He was consumed by a feverish restlessness that could find no sufficient outward expression. Into the smallest occasions of play or labor he threw such vehemence and volcanic force, that Arisba jestingly said, "We will call you no more Corythus, but Cæculus, who is said to have been born of a spark from Vulcan's forge."

To Ceneone, his conduct was wayward in the extreme. Sometimes he seemed to forget that she was in existence; and then, as if reproaching himself, he treated her with a lavishness of love that laid her weeping on his bosom. Then she would look up, smiling through her tears, and say, "You do love me, still? I know not what to make of you, dear Corythus. Your love seems like the Scamander that has two sources, one warm and the other cold. But you do love me; do you not?"

The allusion to two sources brought a faint flush to his cheek; and when he kissed her, and said "I do," her listening spirit heard a broken echo in the answer.

Thus was life passing between them, when a messenger from king Priam came to obtain the white bull, which had been so much admired by the hunters. There was to be a gladiatorial contest in Ilium, and the king had promised to the victor the most beautiful bull that could be found on Mount Ida. Corythus proudly replied that he would not give up the noble animal unless he were allowed to enter the lists for the prize. Mygdonius, fearing the royal displeasure, remonstrated with him, and reminded him that the contest was for princes and great men, and not for shepherds and rustics. But Corythus persisted that on such terms only would he send away the pride of their herds. The courier departed, and returned next day with a message from the king, saying he liked the bold spirit of the youth and would gladly admit in the lists one so famous for courage and skill.

Poor Ceneone could not overcome her reluctance to have him go. There had always been in her mind an uncomfortable feeling with regard to those princes of Ilium; and now it returned with redoubled force. But, alas, in those mysterious sleeps, she prophesied victory and glory, and thus kindled higher than ever the flame of ambition within his breast.

At last the important day arrived; and with throbbing hearts the shepherd-family saw their young gladiator depart for the contest. He drew Ceneone to his heart and kissed her affectionately; but when they parted he did not stop to look back, as he used to do in those blissful days when their souls were fused into one. With vigorous, joyful leaps, he went bounding down the mountain. Ceneone watched his graceful figure as he swung lightly from the trunk of a young olive tree, down into the plain below. When she could no longer see even a moving speck in the distance she retired tearfully, to tend the flocks alone. All that day her eyes were fixed sadly on the towers of Ilium, and the thought ever present was, "He did not look back upon me, when we parted."

He promised to return on the third day; but the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth day passed, and still he came not. Mournfully, mournfully, wailed Ceneone's flute, and there came no answer now but sad echoes from the hill.

"What can have become of him?" said Arisba, when the evening of the fourth day closed. "Surely, if harm had happened to him they would send a messenger."

"He is either dead, or he has drank the waters of Argyra, which make people forget those they love," said Ceneone; and as she spoke, hot tears fell on the thread she spun.

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How had it fared meanwhile with Corythus? Victor in all the games, his beauty and his strength called forth shouts of applause. One after another of the king's sons were obliged to yield to his superior vigor and skill. At last came the athletic and hitherto unconquered Hector. After a fierce protracted struggle, the shepherd of Ida overthrew him also. Enraged at being conquered by a youth of such inferior birth he started on his feet, and rushed after him in a paroxysm of wrath. Corythus, to elude his fury, passed through a gate which led into the inner court of the palace. It chanced that queen Hecuba and her daughter Cassandra were there when he rushed in, and panting, threw himself upon the altar of Jupiter for protection. Hecuba flung her mantle over him and summoned a slave to

bring him water. Cassandra, gazing earnestly at the youthful stranger, exclaimed,

"How like he is to my mother, as I first remember her!"

The queen inquired his age, and Cassandra, listening to his answer, said,

"If my brother Paris had lived, such also would have been his years."

"Fair princess," replied Corythus, "an oracle has told me that I am he. Is Archelaus yet alive? If so, I pray you let him be summoned, and inquire of him whether he destroyed the infant Paris."

The old slave, being questioned, fell on his knees and confessed that he had left the babe under a plane tree, on Mount Ida, and that he had afterward seen him in the hut of Mygdomus. With a cry of joy Hecuba threw herself into the arms of her beautiful, her long-lost son. Slaves brought water for his feet, and spread rich carpets before him. They clothed him in royal robes, and there was feasting and rejoicing, and magnificent processions to the temples, and costly sacrifices to the gods. Brothers and sisters caressed him, and he was attended by a beautiful bondswoman, whose duty it was to obey his every wish. Electra, a handsome Greek girl, with glowing cheeks and eyes of fire, brought water for his hands in vases of silver; while Artaynta, a graceful Persian, with kiss-inviting lips and sleepy oriental eyes always half-veiled by their long silken fringes, knelt to pour perfumes on his feet. Thus surrounded by love and splendor, the dazzled youth forgot Ceneone. It was not until the fourth day of his residence in the palace that the new prince began to think how anxious must be the humble hearts that loved him on Mount Ida. Should he raise Ceneone to his own royal rank? She was unquestionably lovely enough to grace a throne; but the famous Spartan queen had taken possession of his imagination, and he was already devising some excuse to visit the court of Menelaus. He had not courage to reveal these feelings to Ceneone; and a selfish will to screen himself from embarrassment and pain, induced him to send Archelaus to convey the news, with munificent presents to his foster-parents and his wife, and a promise that he would come hereafter.

When Ceneone heard the unexpected tidings she fell into a swoon, more deadly than the one she had experienced on the night of the Cybele's procession. She knew that her feelings could not have changed toward Corythus, had the fates offered her the throne of the world; but she felt that it might be otherwise with him. Weary weeks passed, and still he came not. Ceneone, wakeful and nervous, at last asked the foster-mother to try to soothe her into sleep, as Corythus had formerly done. Under this influence all the objects around her again radiated light; and when the mysterious slumber veiled her senses she entered the royal palace of Priam, and saw her beloved. Sometimes she described him as reclining on a crimson couch, while Electra brought him wine in golden goblets. At other times Artaynta knelt before him and played on the harp, while he twined the long ringlets of her glossy hair. At last she said he was fitting out a fleet, and would soon sail away.

When Arisba asked where he would go, she answered,

"He says he is going to Salamis to redeem the Princess Hesione, who was carried away prisoner by the Greeks; but his real object is to visit the beautiful queen of Sparta, whom I told him he would marry."

"Poor child," thought Arisba, "then it was thou thyself that kindled strange fires in his bosom. What wrong hast thou done, in thy innocent life, that the gods should thus punish thee?"

In her waking hours Ceneone asked eager questions concerning all she had said in her state of inner consciousness.

"Oh, if I could only see him again," she would exclaim with mournful impatience. "To have these painted visions, and to retain no memory of them—this is worse than the doom of Tantalus. Oh, how could he forget me so easily? We who have

slept in the same cradle and so often folded each other in mutual love. I could not thus have forgotten him."

She invented many projects of going to Ilium, in disguise, that she might at least look upon him once more. But timidity and pride restrained her.

"The haughty ones will scorn a poor shepherd girl," she said, "and he will be ashamed to call me his wife. I will not follow him who wishes to leave me. It would break my heart to see him caressing another's beauty. Yet if I could only see him again!"

Arisba listened to these ravings with deep compassion.

"Poor child," she would say, "when thou wert born, the Loves sneezed to thee from the unlucky side."

Ceneone would fain have been in her mysterious sleep half the time; so eager was she to receive tidings from Corythus. But Arisba had not the leisure to spare, nor did she think such constant excitement favorable to the health of her darling child. Already her thin form was much attenuated, and her complexion had the pale transparency of a spirit. But the restlessness, induced by hearing no news of her beloved, had a worse effect upon her nerves than the excitement caused by her visions. So day by day Arisba tried to soothe her wretchedness, by producing the sleep and afterward repeating to her what she had said. In this strange way all that occurred at the palace in Ilium was known in the hut on Mount Ida. The departure of the young prince for Salamis, the gorgeous fleet, with gay streamers and gilded prows, the crowd about the shores waving garlands, were all described in the liveliest manner. But Ceneone's sadness was not deepened by this event. Corythus had been previously separated from her more completely than if he had already passed into the world of spirits. Only one hope consoled her misery; her own prophecy that he would come to her to die.

Arisba was rejoiced to discover that her darling would soon become a mother. She trusted this would resuscitate withering affections, by creating a visible link between her desolate heart and the being she so fondly loved. And the first glance of the young mother upon her innocent babe did seem to renew the fountains of her life. She named the boy Corythus, and eagerly watched his growing beauty to catch some likeness of his father. But the child had been born under influences too sad to inherit his father's vigorous frame, or his bounding, joyous, volatile spirit. His nature was deep and loving, like his mother's, and he had her plaintive, prophetic eyes. But his rosy mouth, the very bow of Cupid, was the image of his father's. And oh, with what a passionate mixture of maternal fondness, and early romantic love, did poor Ceneone press it to her own pale lips.

Less frequently now she sought the relief of supernatural sleep; and when she did, it was not always followed by visions. But at various times she saw her beloved in Sparta, weaving garlands for the beautiful queen, or playing upon his flute while he reclined at her feet.

"She loves him not," said the sleeper; "but his beauty and his flattery please her, and she will return with him. It will prove a fatal day for him, and for Ilium."

When little Corythus was a year old, the fleet returned from Greece, bearing Paris and his beautiful Spartan queen. Ceneone was, of course, aware of this event, long before the rumor was reported to Mygdomus by neighboring shepherds. A feverish excitement returned upon her; the old intense desire to see the loved one. But still she was restrained by fear and womanly pride. She made unseen visits to the palace, as before, and told of Paris forever at the feet of his queenly bride, playing upon his silver lyre, while she decorated his curling tresses with garlands.

Again and again the question rose in Ceneone's mind, whether the forgetful one would love his fair child could he see him; and month by month the wish grew stronger to show him this son of their love. Little Corythus was about two years old, when she

foretold immediate war with the Grecian states, enraged at the abduction of queen Helena. When this was repeated to her, she said to herself,

"If I go not soon, the plain will be filled with warriors, and it will be dangerous to venture there."

She kept her purpose secret; but one morning, when she and the little one were out alone upon the hills, she disguised herself in some of Arisba's old robes and went forth to Ilium, hoping to gain entrance to the palace under the pretence of having herbs to sell. But when she came within sight of the stately edifice, her resolution almost failed. A slave, who was harnessing two superb white horses to a glittering chariot, demanded what she wanted; and when she timidly told her errand, he showed her an inner quadrangular court, and pointed out the apartments of the women. As she stood hesitating, gazing on the magnificent marble columns and gilded lattices, Paris himself came down the steps encircling Helen with his arm. It was the first time she had looked upon him since he left her, in rustic garb, without pausing to look back upon her. Now, he wore sparkling sandals, and a mantle of Tyrian purple, with large clasps of gold. His bride was clothed in embroidered Sidonian garments, of the richest fashion, and a long flowing veil of shining texture, was fastened about her head by a broad band of embossed gold. Poor CEnone slunk away, abashed and confounded in the presence of their regal beauty; and her heart sunk within her when she saw those well-remembered eyes gazing so fondly upon her splendid rival. But when the slave brought the chariot to the gate, she tried to rouse her courage and come forward with the child. Paris carefully lifted his bride into the chariot and leaped in, to seat himself by her side. In the agony of her feelings the suffering mother made a convulsive movement, and with a shrill hysterical shriek, exclaimed,

"Oh Corythus, do look once upon our child!"

The frightened horses reared and plunged. The chariot, turning rapidly, struck CEnone, and she fell. The wheels merely grazed her garments, but passing over the body of the child. Paris being occupied with soothing Helen's alarm, was not aware of this dreadful accident. The slave reined in the startled horses with a strong hand, and drove rapidly forward. CEnone was left alone outside the gates, with the lifeless body of her child.

It was evening when she returned weary and heart-broken to Arisba. A compassionate rustic accompanied her, bearing her melancholy burden. In answer to Arisba's question, she said,

"He did not know a child was killed, nor did he see us. In the confusion he thought only of Helen, and did not recognize CEnone's voice. His sister Cassandra, who sees hidden things by the same light that I do, has told him that the child killed at the gates was his own. But Helen and her handmaids are dancing round him, laughing and throwing perfumes as they go, and he thinks not of us. He would have loved our little Corythus, if he had known him."

"Thank the gods for that," said Arisba within herself; "for I would not like to hate the nursing I reared so fondly."

They buried the child in the shade of a gigantic oak, on which, in happier days, had been carved, with the point of an arrow, the united names of Corythus and CEnone. A beautiful Arum lily held its large white cup over the grave; and the sorrowing mother covered the broken soil with anemones and the delicate blossoms of the crocus. There she would sit hours together, gazing on the towers of Ilium. But her desire to visit the palace, visibly or invisibly, seemed to have subsided entirely. No feeling of resentment against Corythus came into her gentle heart; but her patient love seemed to have sunk into utter hopelessness. Sometimes, indeed, she would look up in Arisba's face, with a heart-touching expression in her deep mournful eyes, and say, in tones of the saddest resignation,

"He will come to me to die."

Thus years passed on. War raged in all its fury in the plains below. Their flocks and herds were all seized by the rapacious

soldiery, and the rushing of many chariots echoed like thunder among the hills. The nervous wakefulness of CEnone was still occasionally soothed by supernatural sleep; though she never sought it now from curiosity.

"She is false to him," murmured the sleeper mournfully. "But he will come to CEnone to die."

At last the predicted hour arrived. The towers of Ilium were all in flames, and the whole atmosphere was filled with lurid light as the magnificent city sunk into her fiery grave. The wretched inhabitants were flying in all directions, pursued by the avenging foe. In the confusion, Paris was wounded by a poisoned arrow. In this hour of agony he remembered the faithful, the long forgotten one, and what she had said of her skill in medicine. In gasping tones he cried out,

"Carry me to CEnone!"

His terrified slaves lifted him on a litter of boughs, and hastened to obey his orders.

CEnone sat by the grave of her child, watching the blazing towers of Ilium, when they laid Corythus at her feet. She sprang forward, exclaiming,

"Dear, dear Corythus, you have come to me at last!"

Bending over him, she kissed the lips which cold as marble returned no answer to the fond caress. She gazed wildly on the pale countenance for an instant—placed her trembling hand upon his heart—and then springing up convulsively, as if shot by an arrow, she uttered one long shrill shriek that startled all the echoes, and fell lifeless on the body of him she loved so well.

The weeping foster-parents dug a wide grave by the side of little Corythus, and placed them in each other's arms, under the shadow of the great oak, whose Dryad had so often heard the pure whisperings of their early love.

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